Sinciair Come-Outers Are Having Some of Their Troubles in Advance. Could an individual in the enjoyment of his God given freedom of initiative and the added liberty conferred by membership in Mr. Upton Sinclair's New York Home Colony Association walk into the communal tining room in his bare feet? Would it be a nuisance for such a one to fry onions in the colony on a close night? Would he be inhibited from turning loose "Waiting at the Church" on a gramophone at midnight? These were some of the sands upon which discussion stranded at a meeting of twentymembers of the colony held in the West Fifty-seventh street Y. M. C. A. audi-

torium yesterday afternoon.

The twenty-one gathered in a family circle in front of the rostrum, with fifteen rank outsiders and the reporters in the rear. It was specifically announced by Mr. Sinclair that the discussion was merely informal, because so many of the colony's members had gone off on Sunday bicycle

Mr. Sinclair introduced Mr. William Noves s chairman. Mr. Noyes announced that the brethren would proceed to discuss, clause by clause, the tentative reports of the committees on organization, labor and the care of children. Rule No. 1, which states that the object of the colony is to simplify the domestic problem and that *upon the physical side its ideal should be the utmost economy consistent with beauty cleanliness and efficiency," passed without discussion. Its obviousness was evident even to the rank outsiders.

Then followed rule No. 2 and its corollary The second commandment dictates that "in their intellectual, social and spiritual life the members desire to be et alone," and the succeeding rule clamps down the seal on individual liberty in these stern words: "While claiming absolute liberty themselves, the members recognize their obligations not to interfere with others. The board of directors should have power to prohibit nuisances."

Mr. Sinclair arose to elucidate the philosophy in the first of the two foundation stones of the future colony. He said.

"My idea is that our colony should be a little town, not a group of friends wherein every one would feel it incumbent upon himself to help entertain every one else. There may be busy men, like myself, with shrinking sensibilities who would want to be left alone. They should be. Nobody need attend card parties if he does not

"But if we all meet in a common dining room," suggested one of the chosen, "how can we avoid close intimacy? And supposing one man didn't want to go to the tining room on a certain occasion, would he have to skip that meal or could he have it sent to him? The doyen of the colony adjusted his

glasses and replied guardedly:
"Well, of course we would meet each other at table and we would have to ask each other to pass the salt. And as to the man who wants his meal in his home, that question was raised in committee by one of the members who wants his breakfast at 10 o'clock in the morning. We decided that he would have to pay the extra expense of having the meal/served at that time, and he believed that he had better take his breakfast out of a chafing dish."
A tall colonial, with high brow and square chin, then opened the vexed question of personal privilege, upon which hung the fundamental rights of a member of the association. glasses and replied guardedly:

association.

"This third rule says that the board of directors should be empowered to pass upon what is a nuisance and to prohibit the same. Supposing I feel it far more sanitary to go about with my shoes and stockings off, and I enter the dining room in my bare feet. Who is to decide that I am committing a nuisance? Is it to be left in the hands of five men?" Instantly there was confusion and the

Instantly there was confusion and the buzz of voices.

"If your feet are neither unsanitary nor unsightly," said one of the brethren, leaping to his feet excitedly, "I for one believe that you are not committing a nuisance and that you may come to the communal dining room barefooted as much as you like."

An individual with a heavy German accent swung his arms. "I believe," said he, "that to have what is a nuisance and what is not left in the hands of a board of five men is arbitrary and tyrranous. What if I want to play a gramophone on my front porch from 6 o'clock to midnight, and maybe play the same tune all those hours, can these five men come around and tell me I am committing a nuisance because they don't like gramophonee? Not much for me."

A lady colonist who had been growing more and more restless during the discussion turned to a friend. "My Freddie," she said, "wakes up every night at 11 o'clock and cries until 2. Do you suppose I would let any horrid directors say my freddie was a nuisance? I don't think this colony is very practical."

A horrid thought rushed on Mr. Sinolair just at this moment. He waved his hand for silence.
"Gentlemen, gentlemen and laddee, listen

just at this mountain.

for silence.

'Gentlemen, gentlemen and ladies, listen
Supposing we should Gentlemen, gentlemen and ladies, listen a minute, please. Supposing we should all determine by a majority vote what is a misance and what is not and have the cemmunity's nuisances all tabulated. Then supposing Mrs. Jones's parrot squawks all day. We would have to go to the table of nuisances and see whether to prosecute Mrs. Jones's parrot for making a bad noise or for making bad music. That would never do."

A second lady colonist, in a picture hat, areas to a point of order. Supposing that the whole society should be left to deter-mine what was a nuisance and what was mine what was a nuisance and what was not and supposing one's personal liberty was to be governed by a vote of the whole colony whenever that person's actions came under suspicion! Now, she might be hanging out clothes on Monday, just as all the other women without servants would be hanging out clothes. Supposing she should prefer to hang out her wash in her front yard instead of her back yard, would every other woman have to stop hanging out her wash and ring the town bell and summon every colonist to a meeting to determine whether hanging one's wash in one's front yard constituted a nuisance? What would become of the communal cooks and the communal baby tenders and the communal coal passers if they was to the communal coal passers. tenders and the communal coal passers if they had to stop work every once in a while, rush into a meeting of the colony and decide upon a point of personal privilege? The lady colonist in the picture hat believed that what the law recognizes as being a nuisance was good enough for the New York Home Colony Association to follow.

About this time the reporters began to run their eyes down the list of remaining questions to be settled. Some of the issues printed in the reports of the committees gave presage of hours of terrible agony to come.

"Such scientific methods should be em-ployed in the kitchen, laundry, dairy and truck garden as to attract intelligent per-

"Parents should have access to their children at all times.

"The children's colony should be in a separate building, under separate management and with separate finances. It should be under control of a board of five directors, elected by the perents when the basis of

be under control of a board of five directors, elected by the parents upon the basis of one vote to each child."

These portents the reporters read when, after many hours, discussion still raged about two out of forty-five recommendations of the committees. The craven hearts of the reporters failed them and they made for the door. As they were recommendations of the committees. for the door. As they were going out the German colonist was speaking. "Now, suppose I want to make my sauer-traut in the parlor——"

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ARMY AND NAVY AT WAR.

Every Combatant Out of Business When the Battle of the Bowery Was Ended. Albert Landers, an able seaman, and George Smith, a marine, both from the United States cruiser Maryland, now at the Brooklyn navy yard, formed a landing party Saturday night which invaded the Rowery. Things began to happen shortly after their arrival that made even the con-

fare sit up and take notice. As a final coup the party opened up broadsides on an army regular, Private Cole of Fort Slocum, and when the smoke of the engagement cleared away none of the belligerents was able to continue and bluecoats from the Eldridge strest police station who had butted in were in command. A field hospital was set up on the spot and

noisseurs of trouble along that thorough-

who had butted in were in command. A field hospital was set up on the spot and surgeons from Gouverneur Hospital had a busy half hour.

Landers and Smith, it seemed, had not so much as blinked at the bridge crush, but several hours later became highly offended when they were accidentally jostled by Hop Meehan, the burly bouncer in a dingy mixed drink emporium at 41 Rowery. Hop tacked quickly when he saw his mistake and apologized. Trouble seemed to be averted, but just then a groggy voice rang out from the rear of the place:

"Turn the hose on the porpoises. They like water."

It was Private Cole.

"Dry up, you sandhog!" Landers shouted back, and then the two jumped on Cole, who had hardly gained his feet. He was souttled and sunk in short order. The patrons of No. 41 then showed their loyalty to the army by beating several kinds of tattoos on the sailors, and soon the tars were peacefully sleeping, the enemy having outnumbered them ten to one and all equipped with land legs.

Detective Hart, who was casting longing glances at an alleged Chinese fantan recent in Chethan Souare, heard the sounds

Detective Hart, who was casting longing glances at an alleged Chinese fantan resort in Chatham Square, heard the sounds of battle and lost no time in sending for the reserves without so much as glancing at the scene of trouble. He had heard noises on the Bowery before. The police got there in time to superintend the shipping of the wounded to the hospital. Things in the café were as peaceful as a mili pond by that time.

café were as peaceful as a mili pond by that time.

"What was the name of this battle?" asked Magistrate Wahle when the wounded were lined up in front of him yesterday morning in the Essex Market police court.

"They was no trouble, your Honor," said Landers through bruised lips. "It was merely a little inhaunderstanding between us 'nd Private Cole."

"Where are you from, Cole?" continued the Magistrate

us 'nd Private Cole."

"Where are you from, Cole?" continued the Magistrate.

"Fort Slooum, sir."

"Fort Slooum, sir."

"Fort Slooum, sir."

persisted Magistrate Wahle.

With this a laugh was raised and Smith was ordered forward.

"How did you get those scratches and bruises?" he was asked.

"I fell down, sir."

"You must have fallen on a cat," concluded the Magistrate. "Now, I am going to send you man to your commands."

to send you men to your commands. I guess you'll get as much as I can give you when you get back and the officers see your facial decorations."

WATER FROM LOURDES SHRINE. 2.000 Quarts Received in Brooklyn for

The Fathers of Mercy, in charge of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Broadway and Aberdeen street, Brooklyn, received on Saturday 2,000 quarts of water from the miraculous well at the famous shrine in Lourdes, France, which will be distributed to the thousands of pilgrims who will flock to the Brooklyn shrine next Wednesday and the nine days following.

The water was shipped direct from the well in huge casks, each sealed and guaranteed to be undiluted. Father Porcile, rector of the Brooklyn church, said yesterday that only two ounces will be given to each person this year. This church has come to be known as the American Lourdes

come to be known as the American Lourdes because of the crowds that flock to it. Each year the pilgrimages grow larger, and often the fathers require help to keep order.

There is a large shrine on the grounds of the church dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes and the statue is a facsimile of the one to be seen in the French town. This year the pilgrimage to the shrine will begin at 3:30 o'clock next Wednesday afternoon, which is the Feast of the Assumption, a holy day of obligation in the Catholic Church. The sermon will be preached by Father Porcile. In the evening there will be a second service. Cripples, the sick and palsied, blind and deaf pray all the year round before this shrine and on the feast day take the water to their homes and bathe themselves with it.

Speaking of the threat of the French Government to forbid the annual ceremonies at the famous French shrine on the ground that it is a menace to public health, Father Porcile, who has been there, said yesterday:

"This is only another attempt to destroy

Father Porcile, who has been there, said yesterday:

"This is only another attempt to destroy all religion in France. There is no danger to public health at the shrine. Yes, I understand that certain French pathologists have described it as a menace to public health, aiming their blows at the piscina in which the afflicted bathe themselves. Now any one who has been to Lourdes knows that while there is a basin shaped excavation the water is not stagnant. It is a running stream, emptying itself out of the piscina of its own force and running into it of its own force. If the water were stagnant it would have been condemned on hygienic principles years ago."

No street lights were lit on Staten Island last night and it was particularly dark last night and it was particularly dark because the stores which are usually lighted were dark. Several cases of people tripping on rough sidewalks and falling were reported to the police, but no one was very seriously hurt. The trolley service last night was far better than for several previous Sundays. The bulk of the Sunday traffic, however, had to be handled by the Staten Island Rapid Transit Railroad's steam trains.

Sulcide From Excursion Boat.

OSSINING, N. Y., Aug. 12 .- Because his wife upbraided him for allowing the baby to fall from his arms while he was under the influence of liquor, Daniel J. Callahan of Tenafiy, N. J., leaped from an excursion steamer which was carrying a party from Englewood to Empire Grove, near Peekskill, last Thursday and was drowned. A party of young men in a launeh found the body floating in the Hudson opposite here lata last night.

52 WAITERS BAT 600 SQUABS.

CENTRAL FEDERATED UNION AGHAST AT THE CHARGE.

-Also Silver, It Is Said-Laber Disloyalty | Accusations a Minor Matter. The alleged appetite for squabs of fifty-two members of the Amalgamated Waiters' Union at a dinner given in the headquarters of Musical Mutual Protective Union caused

bitter recriminations at yesterday's meet-

ing of the Central Federated Union.

Story of a Masonie Dinner at Which Union

Walters Purloined the Choicest Morsels

This union of waiters has been making complaints for some time against the M. M. P. U., which is now known for trade union purposes as Local 310 of the American Federation of Musicians, to the effect that the musicians were addicted to playing in non-union halls. Each complaint is generally followed by an unsuccessful attempt to get Local 310 sus pended unless it removes its men from the halls complained of. The complaint of yesterday was that non-union waiters were employed in an amusement park where members of Local 310 were playing, and this was followed by a motion that the union either withdraw the musicians from this

park or stand suspended. By way of retort Delegate Canavan of Local 310 said that if the musicians with drew their men from all the parks and halls where there were non-union waiters, they would have very few halls to play in. He declared that this union of waiters, had control of only a few of the halls, and said further that his organization had drawn attention out of kindness to the wages which some of its members were getting, which were ridiculously low. Then he referred

to the squab incident. "I want to tell you something about this Waiters' Union," he said. "A Masonic dinner was given at our headquarters and thirty-six waiters were wanted, but their union insisted on the organizers for the dinner employing fifty-two waiters. Everything was on a large scale in order to have a good spread. There were 600 squabs but the waiters wanted them for themselves and when they came to be served there was practically none to go around. When they went away a lot of the silverware was

Several delegates asked the chairman why he allowed a delegate to make such charges. The blood of the delegate of the Amalgamated Waiters' Union was stirred to indignation over the charge that fifty-two waiters had managed to eat 600 squabs.

It was too much, he said. As to the silverware, it was too preposterous to talk of. There was a big hubbub, in the midst of which Canavan reiterated his charge and many points of order were made. One of these was by Delegate Gold of the Hebrew Actors' Union, who said that the charges should have been made in writing.
"Sit down," said the chairman. "Your

"Certainly it is interested," said Gold It interests us all when we hear the waiters charged with being thieves and crooks." "What sort of men does he think these waiters are," said another delegate, "if he

union is not an interested party in this

thinks we can believe that fifty-two of them made away with 600 squabs?" An Irish delegate said that the charge stuck in his gizzard, but he was told that the occasion was not one for levity. The delegate of the Actors' Protective Union undertook to defend Local 310. He said that it had always stood by the other unions. The chorus singers would have to depend on the musicians when the season came around for making their demands, and other unions also expected

help from the musicians. "If the musicians are expelled from this

body," he said, "we will get left." In spite of this, the chairman's decision that the charges made by Canavan were not every delegate's business but the business the dispute was not sustained, and the whole question was left to the executive committee.

FIVE NEGROES SHOT.

Casualties Among Mob of Tunnel Workers

Who Held a Town a While. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Aug. 12.-After an exciting night the mob of negro tunnel employees who had taken possession of the village of Otisville, eight miles from here, were rounded up at their camp near the village by a posee of twenty-five deputy sheriffs sworn in for the occasion. Five negroes had been shot, one seriously. No whites were injured. Physicians were summoned from this city to care for the injured. A number of the deputy sheriffs were employees of New York city's new sanitarium for consumptives which is being erected near Otisville.

The ringleader in the riot of last night was Daniel Templeton, who, with a repeating shotgun and revolver, held a hundred negroes and officers at bay and escaped after over one hundred shots had been exchanged. The pursuit of Templeton was kept up through the night Templeton was kept up through the hight by the officers. George Brown, one of the deputies sworn in from the New York sanitarium, found the hunted man had doubled on his tracks and had sought refuge in the new Erie tunnel. Brown went down the shaft and cornered the regres in the tunnel, but was held off by

went down the shaft and cornered the negro in the tunnel, but was held off by the shotgun.

After parleying for some time Templeton offered to surrender if guaranteed protection from the mob. He was landed in jail in this city before the news of his capture spread. The others implicated in the riot have not been captured. Templeton came from Long Island two weeks ago.

PAUL RAINEY'S BEAR IS AT HOME.

Newport Cottagers No Longer Pear Hugging and Women Go About Unafraid. NEWPORT, Aug. 12.-Cottagers living in the Harrison avenue section no longer

have fear of being hugged by a bear on their lawns. Master Bruin, who on Friday afternoon escaped from Paul A. Rainey's villa, has been returned to his owner and is once

more chained up. When Master Bruin, who cost Mr. Rainey \$130 at the Sandy Point Farm fair a week ago, escaped an alarm was sent out and a reward was offered for his return. A general hunt was begun, but for forty-eight hours the bear managed to keep out of sight in the underbrush of the fields. Some timid ones were fearful, and many women

There is but One Real Soda Cracker because there is but one that comes to you just as it

Others lose their value by being exposed to the air, absorbing moisture and collecting dust.

comes from the oven.

The real soda cracker is Uneeda Biscuit kept fresh and clean by the protecting package

DO NOT FLIRT WITH BALDY.

His Heart Is Another's and His Temper Is

Satan's Own.

Baldy, the irascible Macaque monkey

he last hair on the top of his head yester-

was tearing to pieces. He had snatched

the piece of linen from a young woman who

with him when the policeman's back was

She leaned over the iron railing and waved

eyes upon the group of visitors in front.

The young woman probably wanted to see

with the result, for suddenly one of his

long arms reached out through the bars

The perfume caused him to think he had

got hold of something good to eat, and he

put a part of it in his mouth and chewed.

The result aroused his anger. He tore the

linen to pieces and was further enraged

when the keeper happened to see him and

Baldy is what is known in the menagerie

as a bad monkey. He is not bad once in a

while like most animals, but is bad all the time or nearly all the time. There are a

time or nearly all the time. There are a few moments once a month or so when he is meek and amiable. This is when his former owner, a woman, visits the monkey house and talks to him. He recognizes her voice, grins with pleasure and chatters as though trying to tell her how glad he is to see her. She calls him Jocko. Her voice is like music to him and he becomes the most amiable creature in the barred cages. The woman has been making these visits at intervals for several years.

His temper is so violent that if he cannot

have his own way in any particular thing he will tear the hair from his head in rage. He has done this so often that his head be-came bald and he got the menagerie name from his hairless pate. Recently a new crop sprouted and efforts were made not to

from his hairless pate. Recently a new crop sprouted and efforts were made not to excite his anger so that the new head covering could stay a while. But the old fellow loses his temper too easily and the new crop has gone the way of the old.

Because of his irascibility he has a whole cage to himself. He had a fight with his swinging trapeze one day that came near putting him out of business. He had jumped up on the trapeze and then swung over to the iron bars and let the trapeze go. The apparatus went like a pendulum and on the return movement gave him a punch in the side. This fired his anger and catching the offending swing he threw it violently against the wooden partition. It bounced back and gave him a glancing blow on the head. He lost his temper completely and whacked the trapeze against the iron bars until it was broken.

SAYS POLICE KICKED HIM.

First Man Was a Prisoner, Then He Wasn't

-Court Orders Investigation.

the most boyish looking policeman on the

force, dragged a white man and a small negro woman into the Tenderloin police

station after 2 o'clock yesterday morning.

They accused the man of interfering when

they were arresting the negress for solicit-

ing in West Twenty-sixth street. The man had no sooner described himself as Dennis

Welsh, 25 years old, of 331 West Thirty-ninth

"What's the matter with you?" the ser-

"They know what's the matter," he re-

plied, looking at the two detectives. The

woman, Edna White, then declared that

the policeman had kicked Welsh in the

stomach several times, and said they had nearly torn the clothes off her by their

rough handling. Her waist was badly

Welsh seemed to be suffering so much

that an ambulance was called from the New York Hospital. Dr. Stewart, the sur-

geon, said the man's condition was serious,

and hurried him to the hospital. He was

entered on the books as a prisoner under

instructions from the police. Yesterday

Francis Wilson as Comic Opera Author.

"Dolly Waters," the new comic opers,

the book of which has been written by

street, than he fell to the floor moaning.

geant asked him.

tattered.

Detectives Carmick and Cuff, the latter

and grabbed the handkerchief.

took the pieces from him.

move. She was more than satisfied

NATIONAL BISCUIT, COMPANY

CALLS POLICE TO STOP SNORE

COURT CLERK FOUND SITTING ON THE STOOP AT 1 A. M.,

While a Sawmili Noise Audible Several Doors Away Split the Harlem Night-Go Wake Him Up and Stop It, Says the Clerk

-Beyond My Authority, Says the Cop. The telephone hell at Police Headquarters rang hard at 1 o'clock yesterday morning.
"Say! is this Police Headquarters?" said

her handkerchief in front of the bars of his "This is that same place. What do you cage. Baldy was sitting on his haunches on the floor in the front row and had his

want?" inquired the operator.

"Well, my name is William G. Davis and I live on the fourth floor of 246 W.

128th street. I want you to send a detective here at once. There's a man who lives under me who snores so loudly it is impossible to sleep."

The police of the West 125th street station were communicated with and Sergt. Edward Maher was instructed to send a man up to see what could be done. Policeman William C. Johnson, who is very precise in everything he does, was told to go to Mr. Davis's house. Mr. Davis was sitting on the stoop when the policeman got

Mr. Davis is a clerk in the Second district court. He said that he wanted to see a detective, that an ordinary policeman would not do. Johnson described himself as a careful man and asked what the trouble

"Well, there is a man living on the third floor under me who snores so outra geously that if I stay here much longer I shall be a subject for some madhouse. Now, just hear that noise. The cop had to admit that he heard something which resembled a man snoring. The sound came from one of the windows above, and it was wafted along through the street with sufficient strength to be heard several houses

a wa v Davis wanted Johnson to go up stairs and knock on the man's door and wake him up. "I want you to tell that man that he has no right to snore so loudly; that there are others in the house who would like to get some sleep at least one night a week. You man can't go very far without sleep. Take your club and wake the man up. Do anything, but above all things stop him from

snoring," said Davis. The careful cop said that he was sorry, but he had no authority to wake a man up and tell him he must stop snoring. He admitted that it was an unpleasant situation for Mr. Davis to be in, but he could not arouse the snorer and tell him not to

snore any more. Mr. Davis said that the cop would be within his rights if he aroused the snorer and told him he was breaking the peace. Johnson gave a philosophical argument on noises in general and explained at length just why he had no authority to go into a man's home and stop him from snoring. He finally left and returned to the station with the man snoring peacefully on.

Mr. Davis was not at home yesterday and no one else in the apartment house would reveal the snorer's name.

MARY IS SAVED.

And the Sixth Avenue Cars Have Resumed

Mary, who fell into a deep trench at Fifty-third street and Sixth avenue while out on a stroll after supper last night, could be heard moaning by an excited crowd that quickly gathered around the spot. The voice sounded like quite a young child's, but the trench was so deep that nobody could see Mary or hear what she was trying to say. A German servant girl stood by the hole excitedly wringing her hands and squeezing her apron to her eyes. "Mary! Mary!" she sobbed, "um

Gottes willen, iss she killed?" The crowd shuddered. The wails were growing fainter. Mary must be getting weaker. Just then two policemen shoved their way through the crowd.

"What is it?" they cried. "Mary iss fallen the hole in," eagerly explained the servant girl. "She vas-vas

blaying-near de etch--"I can hear her," said Policeman McGuire excitedly. "The child still lives! I'm going down there, boys. Fitzgibbon, beat it to the nearest telephone and call an

Fitzgibbon sped off through the crowd. which now blocked Sixth avenue from curb to curb, and held a dozen trolleys

McGuire lowered himself into the narrow and apparently bottomiess gully. The foremost rank leaned over to watch him disappearing. There was a crumbling of earth as his soft foothold gave way. Some

timid ones were fearful, and many women have kept within doors.

Late last night, as one of the stablemen at the Payne Whitney place was going from the house to the barn he saw the bear in the driveway. Bruin did not run, but came toward the stableman, who took him to the stable and locked him in a box stall for the night.

This morning he was returned to Mr. Rainey; the captor was most liberally rewarded, and thus ended the first bear hunt in the modern history of Newport.

Belcher Very III in Prison.

Trenton, N. J., Aug. 12.—William H. Belcher, former Mayor of Paterson, who is serving a term in the State prison for wrecking a building and loan association, is very ill in the prison hospital.

LAST RUN OF A DOOMED LONG-HORN FROM TEXAS.

Three Steers Jump Off a Cattle Ferryweat -One Swims to Governors Island and Surrenders to the Army-Two Towed to the Battery, Where One Gets Free.

A longhorn Texas steer led 2,000 people chase about the lower end of New York yesterday that will long be remembered. The steer, with two companions, escaped

from the cattle bo at Burlington at 5:30 A. M. The Burlington is an old ferryboat which is now used by the Lehigh Valley Railroad to transport live stock from Jersey City to the various packing houses about New York. Yesterday morning she was loaded with a bunch of Texas steers consigned to the Schwarzschild & Sulzberger abattoir on the East River.

Between Battery Park and Governor's Island one of the gtaes on the bow of the cattle boat opened, and before it could be closed eighteen steers were outside. Three went overboard.

The crew of the cattle boat had its hands full attending to the steers that had broken through the gate, and when they were quieted the three in the water had swum far from the boat.

The municipal ferryboat Manhattan was passing and she put out a lifeboat. It

passing and she put out a lifeboat. It lassoed two steers and towed them into the basin at Pier A, where they were landed and taken charge of by the harbor police. The third swam to Governors Island, where he was captured by some soldiers.

One of the steers at Pier A broke the rope that tethered it. A dozen policemen who were admiring the Westerner seized the broken end and were towed inland until they got tired of holding on, and the steer was loose in Battery Park. Roundsmen Ryan and Mulhall and a dozen policemen took up the chase and a mob followed. Around the Aquarium the steer ran, then doubled and struck out toward Broadway. Up through Bowling Green Park led the chase, then back down Broadway. Finally the animal was cowed at Pearl in the Central Park menagerie, pulled out led the chase, then back down Broadway. Finally the animal was cowed at Pearl street by the crowd closing in on him from every cirection. Policeman David Byrne fashioned a noose in a long rope and tossed it over the long horns, and the steer, completely exhausted, was again a prisoner. Byrne said he was not a Westerner and it was the first time he had ever thrown a lasso in his life.

By the time the steer was again tied by the side of his mate at the end of Pier A it was 9 o'clock and crowds of people, most of whom had been in the chase, walked around him on the pier admiring his powerful muscles, soon to be beef. day when the keeper took from him a woman's scented handkerchief which he stood in front of his cage and tried to flirt

HOT ZION CITY CAMPAIGN.

Voltya and Bills Line Up on Pleas for Manu factures and Agriculture.

CHICAGO, Aug. 12.—In an effort to control the financial situation in Zion City, Wilbur Glenn Voliva has caused every consipcuous place in that community to be placarded with notices asking stockholders in the various enterprises in the city to sign powers of attorney in his favor.

As a justification for the move it is asserted in proclamation that with those powers of attorney in hand it will be possible to float a loan of \$1,000,000 to provide a work-

float a loan of \$1,000,000 to provide a working capital for the various industries.

The campaign for the position of general overseer between Voliva and Alfred E. Bills has become hot, and it is in the furtherance of his statement that Zion is a natural manufacturing centre that Voliva has issued this latest campaign literature.

Bills, who is generally supposed to be a candidate in the interests of Dowie, so far as financial affairs are concerned, is fighting it out on the contention that the real wealth of the community lies in the soil, while Voliva is for the rehabilitation of the manufacturing plants. cages. The woman has been making these visits at intervals for several years.

With her departure he becomes Baldy, the morose, pugnacious, ill tempered beast, always on the lookout for a fight. He has a habit of putting up his hands in true puglistic attitude if any one shows a disposition to accommodate him with a scrap. His teeth are long and his jaws are strong. Even his keeper does not care to go into his cage.

PUBLICATIONS.



JUST

The Incomplete Amorist

By "E. NESBIT."

The story of how unsophisticated Betty Desmond became acquainted with Eustace Vernon. painter, and master of "the game;" and of the strange turn of subsequent events when she became an art student in Paris. Full of humor and dramatic force. Illustrated by Underwood. \$1.50.

COUNTRY LIFE THE WOOLD'S WOOD THE GARDEN PARPENCE PARPENCE DOUBLEDAY. PAGE & CO. NEW YORK.

SALES AT AUCTION.

BY virtue of execution, I. Bernstein, auctioneer, will seil to-day 9 A. M. lot of waists and neckwear at 14 2d av.; also fixtures at 1426 5th av., at 12 A. M. By order of A. FREEMAN, Marshal.

WILBUR & KINSTLER, auctioneers, sell even ings Japanese high art, Seaside Walk and Bowery Coney Island.

CLIFFORD WESTLEY, auctioneer, sells entire week Japanese art for Sato, Seaside Walk and Bowery, Coney Island. LOUIS LEVY & CO. will sell all week bric-a-brace and jewelry at 131 Park row.

AMUSEMENTS.

instructions from the police. Yesterday afternoon word was sent from the West Thirtieth street station house that the man wasn't a prisoner and could be discharged when he was able to leave. He got better during the day and at his request he was allowed to remain until night, saying that he didn't want to go home until dark. He declared to the hospital authorities that he had been kicked by a policeman.

When the woman was arraigned in the Jefferson Market police court by Carmick on a charge of soliciting he asked that she be held until to-morrow to give the police a chance to investigate the injuries of Welsh. Carmick said that the man was already injured when he found him with the woman. The negress commenced to wail over the prospect of staying in jail, and repeated her statement that she saw Welsh kicked. She showed her torn waist to the Court, and blamed Carmick for it. Magistrate Walsh said that the whole case should be investigated, and held the woman as a witness. ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 14th St. & Irving Place. The Kirks La Shelle Co. presents

DUSTIN FARNUM
In Owen Wister's
Story of the West.
Prices, 25-30-75-1.00. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2. Eve. 8:15.

BEACH HAPPYLAND STATEM KIRALFY'S "VENICE" -- FIVE HUNDRED PERFORMERS-

CASINO B'way & Soth. Eves. 8:11 THE SOCIAL WHIRL

WALLACK'S B'way & 10th. Byga 8:20. Pop. Last 2 weeks His Honor the Mayor MADISON ROOF "Mamzelle Champagne" SQ. SARDEN ROOF "Mamzelle Champagne"

the book of which has been written by Francis Wilson, the comedian, will be produced by Klaw & Erlanger early in October. This is the first bit of writing for the stage that Mr. Wilson has attempted. The scene of the story is laid in New York. The twelve musical numbers, lyrics as well as music, are the work of Benjamin H. Burt. Ketth UNION SQ. CONTINUOUS. 3. 50.

-and-28d St. STAR VAUDEVILLE 5. 50.

Proctor's 125th St. Social Highwayman & Vaude. Dixen's Cor. MATINER TO-DAY PUBLICATIONS

"Love of Woman' keystone of this strong

OVERMAN

The author is

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AERIAL GARDENS, A-Top New To-night amsterdam Theatre, West 424 St. To-night BEO. M. COHAN in "THE GOV. ENOR'S SON." NewYork Theatre, B'way & 48th St. Even. 5:18

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HAM TREE."

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in the Musical Play.

LITTLE CHERUB in the Musical Play, with TOM WISE-JAMES BLAKELEY. LYCEUM Bway & 45th St. Rv. 8:15.
SUCCESS OF THE LION AND MOUSE

PASTOR'S 14th St.. 3d Ave. CONTINUOUS. CONTINUOUS. S. HOEY & LEE, DOLPH & SUSIE LEVINO, DUDLEY, CHESLYN & BURNS, NORAH KELLY. AMMERSTEIN'S, 42d St., B'way and 7th Av. Paradise Roof Gardens. Every Evg. 8:15. The Fays, Dziria, Ernest Hogan & Oo., 4 Fords, Arthur Prince. Willy Zimmerman, Daily Mats (Roof Elli) Victoria Theatre.

NSTAR Lex. Av. & 107th St. Mat. Today, 25c. F. STAR 15, 25, 35. JOSEPH SANTLEY IN 50 & 75. "BILLY THE KID." 42d St. & 8th Av. Evgs. 8:15. Mat. To-day.25c. AMERICAN 25. 50 Bortha The Sewing Bartha Gart EDEN, WORLD IN WAX. Special Groups.
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IN "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST."

14th St. THEA. at 6th Av. Me. Mat. TO DAY.